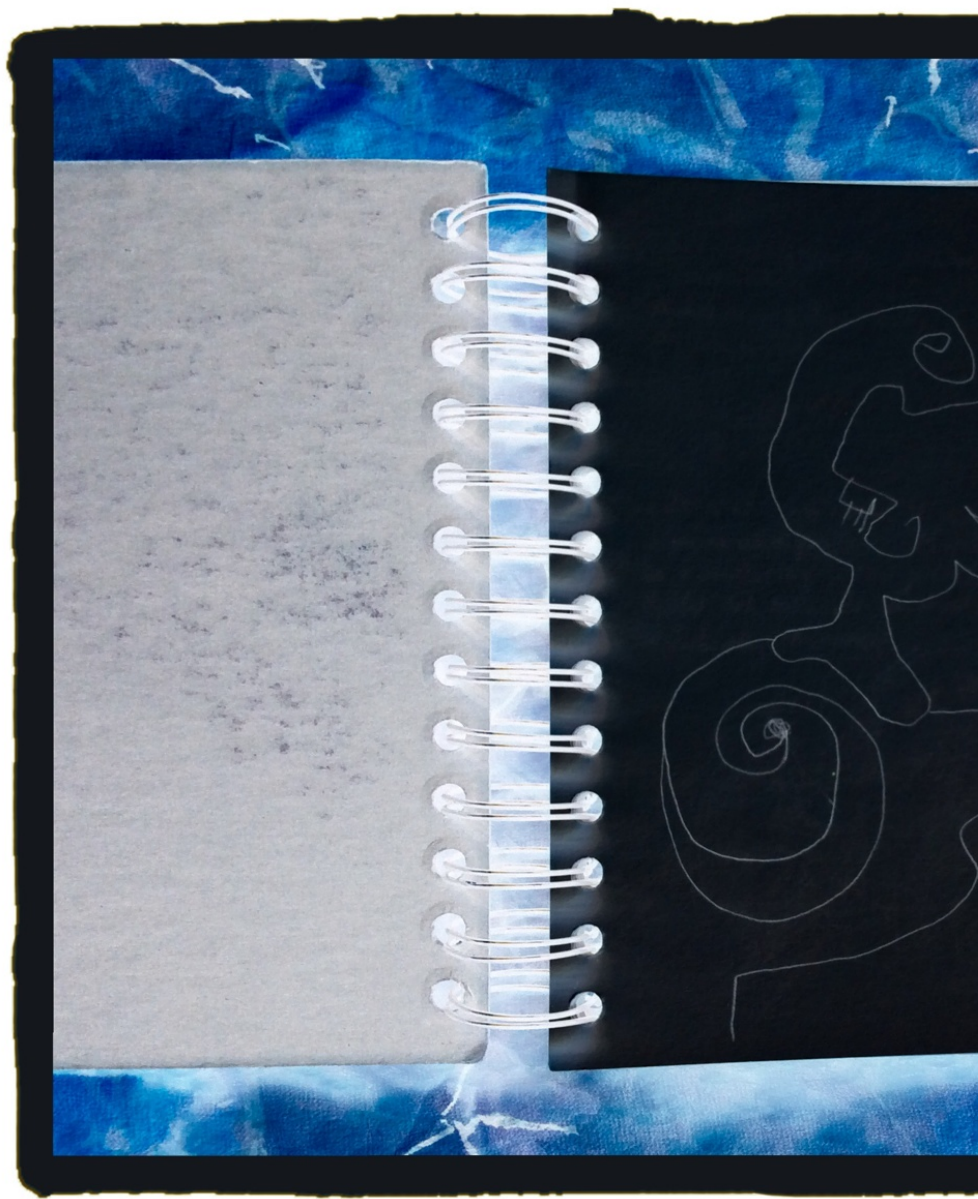




The Dylan Chronicles: scribble, scratch, scribble

I: Sunflower





110
III
i dreamt of having a beautiful ocean view
i was in visual paradise... but, worked as a
in a penitentiary. A small girl chest to S
She had dark hair. She abandoned family
a forbidding environment.







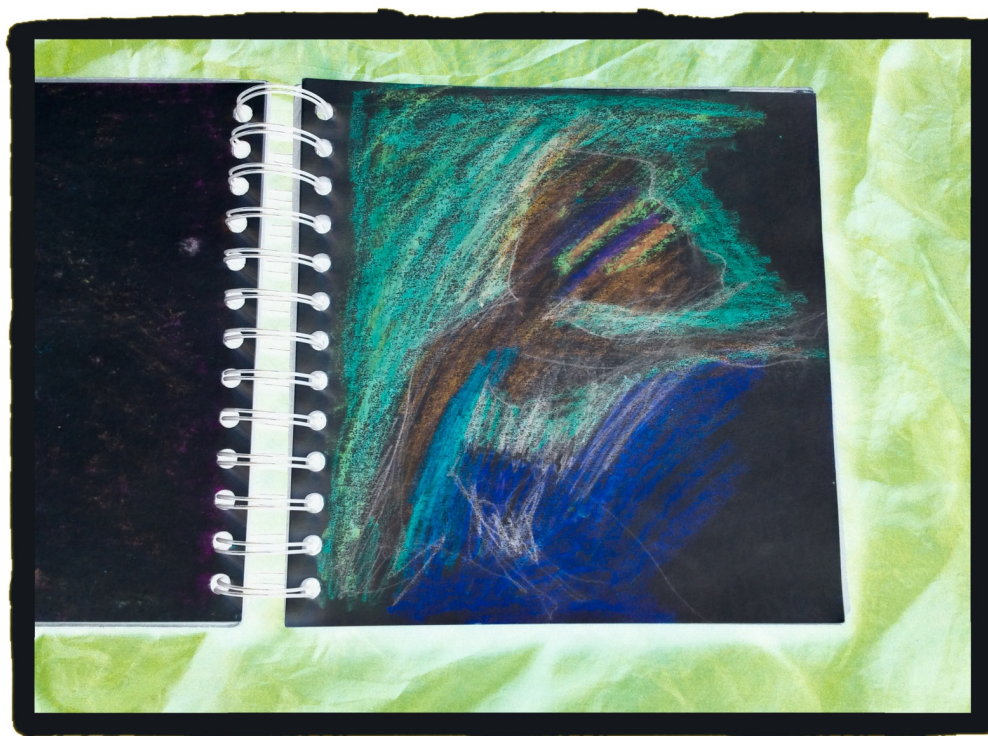
My eyes knowing
what the
Lord will
take

what a "real po
No
had do in the means?

sell
See what
BY-product



one upon a time there was a little pig that came
acoustic farm. the little pig wore little d
ared Kerchief around his neck and loved
in farmer Sata's rocker with the coin cob
of dith sop. blowing bubbles and dream
pig was just known as "pig" + didn't kn
it came to be a pig on the farm





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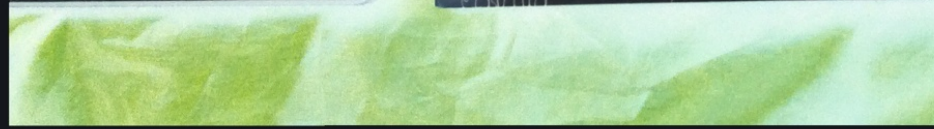
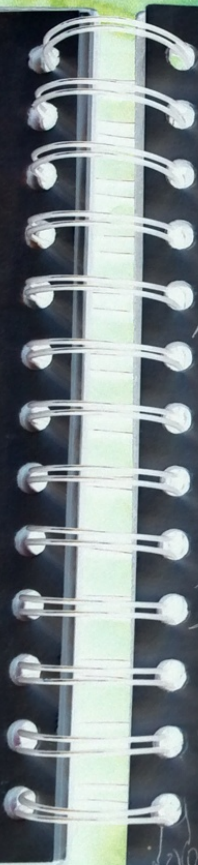




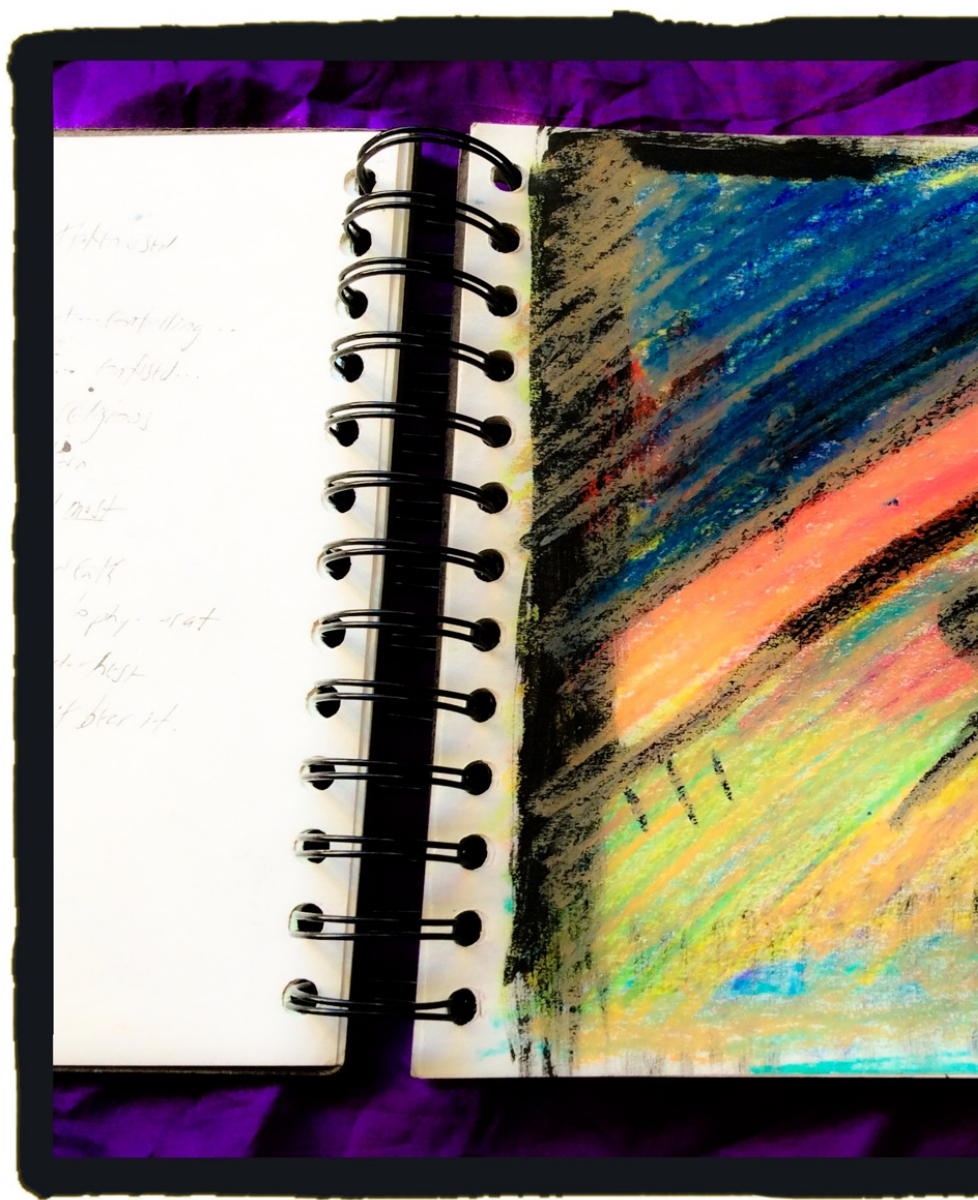
...ing
is good

...an
...ity

of p... o... co.
Powell P... - August







fall up

angels will catch you as will the love of your









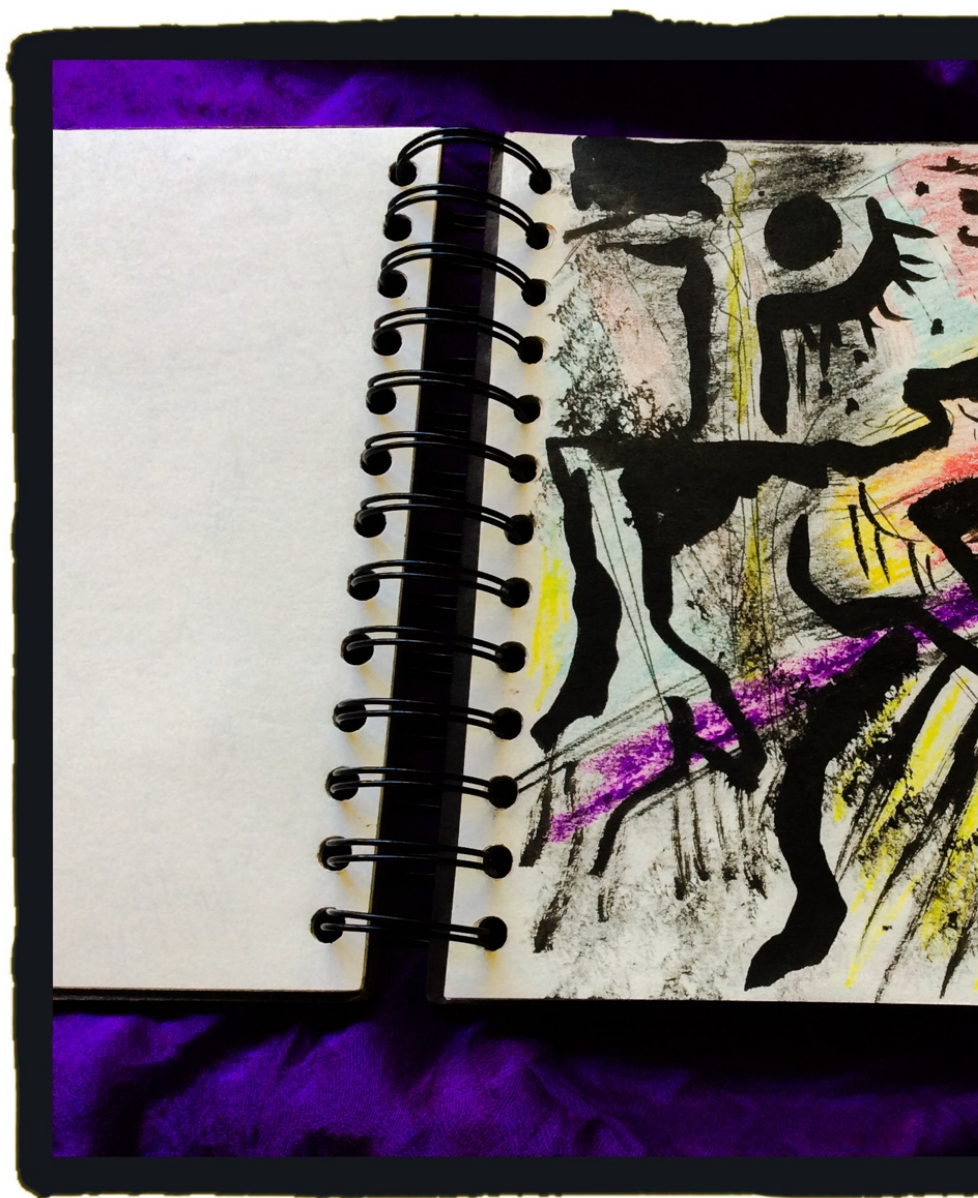


i'm beginning to think that dancers are a distinct lot



Dancers aren't about anything
they are responses
it is an ephemeral
which brings into
the matter that is
left of the physical
language. a direct
connection. An act

Times... part
of traditions to
of the visual or
demand on physical
(body - design)
is part of sum.





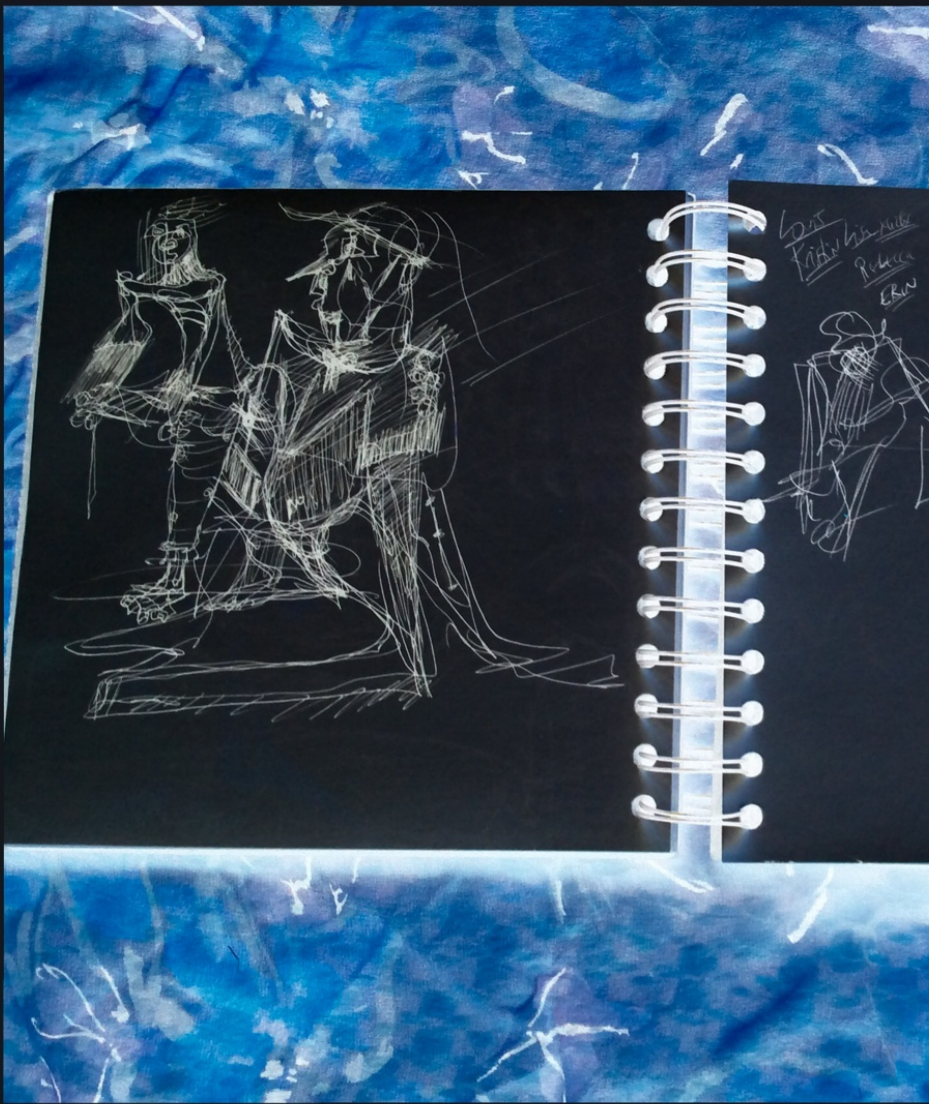
strike back gently with your rage

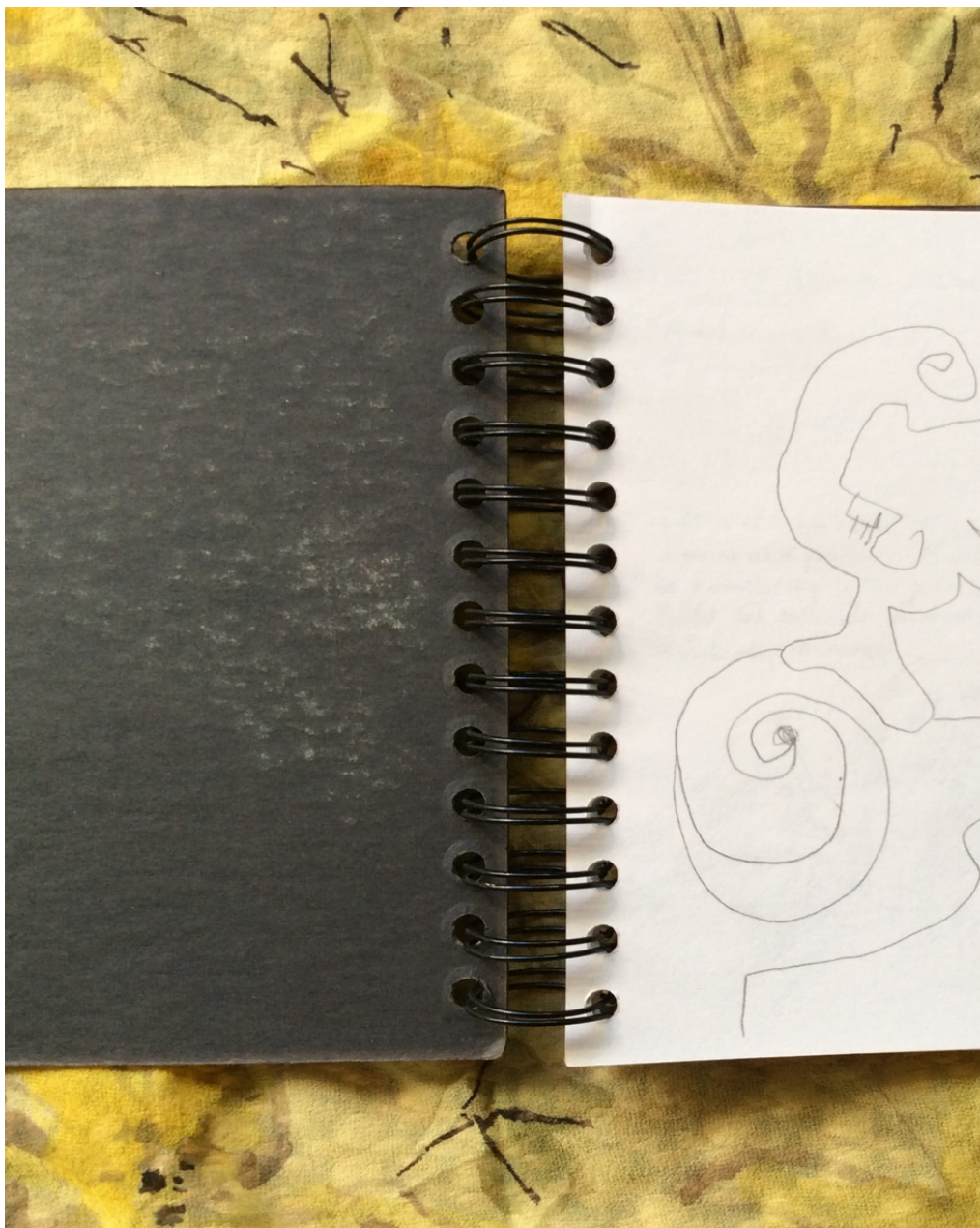


i wake up this morning...
and i dream of being so... so... so
and inside the belly of the white
the goodness of the... i don't see
i go to stay....

It is - black & white
and the pain comes up
stead... to know a pos
my soul and but to
it fills my heart
i gain angst for no
then

i feel very deeply
i was affected strongly.







6/25
Father's side

Rebecca

ERW

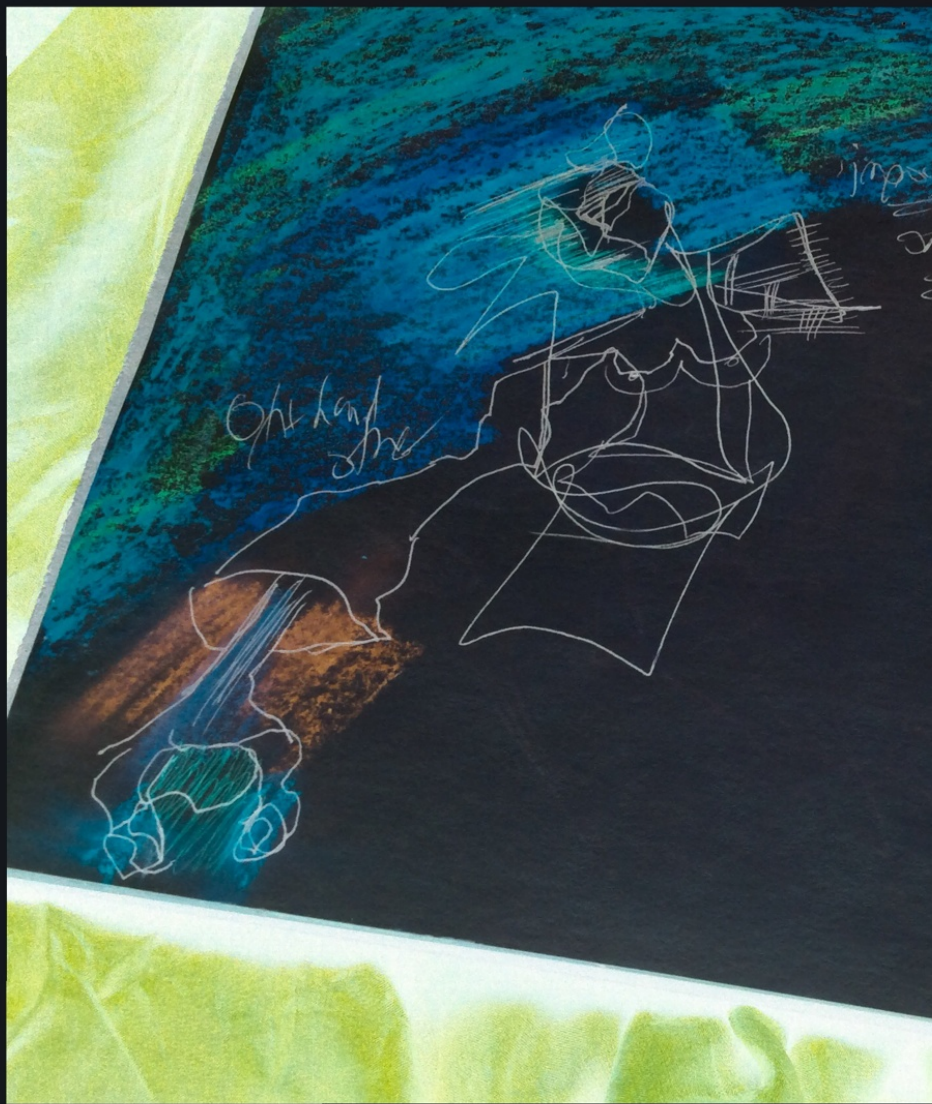
Joe

Talk

same











Beautiful

By

Dylan

parts



to be continued.....

hope to meet and greet
you in the continuation.

you
are
awesome!



kindly respect that this story and these ima
much kuddo thnks.